WINTER TERM 1896-97.

THE ACADEMY HERALD.



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Bethel, Me.

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THE ACADEMY HERALD.

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The Academy Herald,

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STUDENTS OF GOULD'S ACADEMY.

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Editorial.

The students of Gould's Academy have faith to believe that those who read the "Herald" will make all allowances for imperfections. As nearly all the students are over crowded with work, it is almost impossible to write an article in the spare moments we have, without making more or less mistakes. Still we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have not undertaken a task too great for our abilities.

—o—

As the chimes of the old Academy bell ring out on the clear, frosty air, let us take our books and direct our steps toward the school-house, not with a reluctant feeling, but rejoicing to think that we have the privilege of attending school in such an ideal place as Bethel. Here, surrounded with all that is inspiring, we can if we will, store up treasures which money cannot purchase, and as we in after years are looking over our jewel-cases we shall find the brightest gems among those gathered at Gould's Academy.

—o—

Each scholar should consider it his duty to help the school-paper If every member of the school would make it a point to sell copies of the "Herald," it could be carried on quite easily, and, in time, could be enlarged and bettered in many ways. Remember that the editors have as much school work as any of you. A few of us without the aid of the school cannot run the paper successfully. If you wish to have the "Herald" continued you must help it all you can.

—o—

It seems to us that one thing which goes to make up a good education, is the reading of the current news in the daily papers. We can tell at a glance whether the item

is anything which will do us good, or not. In each one of our daily papers there are many items concerning other nations, national troubles and famous men and women. Take for instance the Cuban war, the enlargement of our navy, or the Armenian persecutions. As these things are referred to, there are many of us, who in later years, will wish we had learned something about them at the time of their occurrence.

——o——

How to make our intermissions pleasanter has been a subject on which both teachers and scholars have long thought. We have always spent our time by merely talking one with another, and now through Miss Purington it has been decided that we should form a musical club, thus using our recesses for a short musical drill. Should this plan be a success would it not be a credit to the school? For surely there is great talent and one who is capable of acting as teacher.

——o——

In Taking the responsibility of the editorship of this little paper upon our shoulders, we do not aspire to win for ourselves laurels or add lustre to those already won; but we hope to gain your approval and perhaps admiration.

We do not expect to escape the criticism which all writers are subject to; but we kindly ask you to remember that this is one of our first attempts to fill the editorial chair, and we therefore trust that you will be lenient toward our many imperfections.

"Old Gould's."

What a host of recollections come thronging to my mind at the sound of those words, "Old Goulds". My heart turns sadly backward with a tenderness untold to the merry school days and to the friends of long ago.

The group of scholars, grave, gay and sublime, the first class studious, intent only on gaining knowledge for their future advantage, the second chasing the squirrel in the Academy yard, and always "all brimming o'er with fun," the last arrayed in purple and fine linen, and carrying themselves in regal stateliness, unbending only to the chosen few, are now like the autumn leaves scattered widely apart.

I have in mind one preceptor, a pleasant, genial man, under whose instruction were gathered all the young from all quarters. Scholars whose ages ranged from nine or ten years to some nearing the thirties filled the old building almost to overflowing. This wide difference in ages, and the varying temperaments and dispositions, caused the old Academy hall at recess or during the noon intermission to resemble a "Zoo"where all the animals are turned loose together into one enclosure.

This cosmopolitan mingling of ages and the large number of stu-

dents made excellent material for the exhibitions for which this preceptor was famous, and the "lyceums", wherein "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword" was discussed with vigor, and excitement ran as high as do now the speculations over the Cuban question. And after the adjournment "Pro tem" the student swains escorted to their respective homes their "best girls" (which girls were often made sworn enemies regarding said swains) at which time, it may be, questions were propounded and decided which settled the peace and secured the happiness, not of nations, but of individuals.

But many a summer's sun has shone and many a winter's wind blown chill since then, and many have been laid away to rest. Others are dwelling in distant lands and some are still sailing down the stream of life in sound of the old Academy bell, whose peals ring out in mellow tones across hill and dale. Sometimes we meet a schoolmate, and then we fondly tell of the school-days in "Old Gould's" and "Gould's Academy Bell".

By a former pupil at "Old G. A."

An Open Letter.

To the Editors of the School Paper, Gould Academy:

After receiving a second request from you to write something for your paper I can hardly refuse, though the amount of work which I am doing will prevent any great care in preparing what I shall say. Please consider it a friendly letter—nothing more.

I am pleased that you are to issue a school paper. Such work gives a practical and helpful turn to the literature and composition work of the school. It develops the mind and matures the judgment. It has a direct bearing in producing what the world most needs today, *men*.

We are in a transitional period. Such periods are characteristic of all generations, but each has its own peculiar elements, and as the conditions of life become more and more complex, it becomes more and more difficult to decide upon what is right —"to see our way out."

There was a firm and accepted conviction that man was created perfect in body and mind, through sin he fell, and the whole of human history since had been a struggle to rescue a few from the great number of lost. The theory of evolution was advanced. Christian people refused to accept it. Churches were stirred to their foundations. Now it is recognized that man is the product of millions of years of the working of the laws of the universe; that the course of the human race always has been upward; that man is constantly progressing towards higher and better things while the earthly life lasts.—And who can say that he stops then? It no longer

brands a man as an atheist if he does not believe in the verbal inspiration of the Bible. Religious thought today is in a transitional stage, not yet formulated into a creed, yet growing more liberal and more tolerant.

In the educational world in recent years there has been a great overturning and awakening. Confusion was the result, but the future looks hopeful, though the theory of teaching can hardly be said to have been reduced to a science.

In politics, too, we observe the same condition. A few years ago a man was either a *republican* or a *democrat*. He never broke away from his party. When he did he was stigmatized by his former political friends as a "mugwump", which was sufficient to hold many in the party even against their convictions of duty. Since then there have sprung up populists, socialists, anarchists, free-silverites, gold-democrats and demopopocrats—not to mention Coxey and his army, so that never in the history of our government have voters been in so much uncertainty and confusion as in the election last fall. Considering with this the childlike war-talk made recently in our United States senate, where we expect cool and deliberate judgment and opinions carefully weighed, we can but conclude that the country is crying for *men*.

Likewise in all our relations, religious, educational, social, political, where nothing is fixed, nothing established, but everywhere is doubt, speculation, uncertainty, confusion, the great need is men and women endowed with intelligent, educated minds, determined to make the most of life, having an unshaken faith that all will come out right in the end. Such men and women are not born in palaces and reared in the lap of luxury. The men who have come forward in the great crises in our nation's life have come from the laboring people, whose business or employment gives them a clear brain and good digestion.

A man with no employment, with nothing to do but spend a fortune acquired by industrious ancestors, is scarcely a man. A man is never so much a man as when doing a man's work. Genius, power of mind, ability to win success are more made than born. The powers are developed by use. A struggle along the ruggedest path of employment has made many examples of noble manhood, benefactors of the race.

In all our history it has been the country boy and the country girl who have come forward to fill positions of trust and influence. They leave the school, the Academy if you please, full of enthusiasm and determination to do something for themselves and for the world.

Rejoice, O young man, young woman, that it is your good fortune to be descended from and reared among a people who still retain

many of the characteristics of the hardy pioneers who established our most glorious republic!

F. O. SMALL.

My Favorite Poet--Sir Walter Scott.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, an illustrious Scottish novelist and poet, was born in Edinburgh, 1771, of an ancient family represented by the Dukes of Buccleuch.

During his youth he suffered much from ill health and contracted a lameness which never left him. He studied at the High School and University of his native city and early imbued his mind with a strong taste for the legends, traditions and antiquities of his country.

Discarding the profession of an advocate, for which he was intended, he directed his attention to literary pursuits, and in 1796 commenced his meteoric career as an author by the publication of ballads from the "German of Burger." In 1802 he opened new ground by the production of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in 1805 enraptured the reading world with the first of his great poems—"The Lay of the Last Minstrel"—a work which placed him in the front rank of contemporary poets, second only to Byron and Shelley. In 1808 he gave the public his "Marmion," the masterpiece of his poetic genius; in 1810, his last great poem, "The Lady of the Lake."

In 1811 he built for himself a romantic chateau, which he named Abbotsford, on the banks of the Tweed, and which remains one of Britain's most sacred shrines.

In 1820 he was created a baronet. Hitherto the career of Sir Walter had been one of unexampled success and brilliancy. In 1825 he was a ruined man through his having become involved in the commercial transactions of Messrs Constable of Edinburgh, his publishers. But he rose again like the phœnix from its ashes, resumed his pen and, suffering from impaired health and domestic afflictions the while, he in the course of six years paid off the enormous sum of $600,000, in satisfaction of claims for which he allowed himself to become responsible without one cent of advantage to accrue to himself.

This unexampled intellectual effort he accomplished at the cost of his life. In 1831 he left for Italy, there to recruit his health; but soon feeling that his strength was rapidly decreasing he returned home, where he died September 21, 1832.

Independent of his novels and poems, Scott did much in other departments of literature. His "Life of Napoleon," alone, realized him $90,000, besides his miscellaneous writings, embracing almost every branch of the *belles-lettres*.

Scott must ever rank as one of the foremost names in literature. Surpassed by Shakespeare in versatility

of power; by Goethe in art; by Fielding in individuality; by Bulwer in sensational vigor; and by Dickens in humor; Scott yet remains the grand-master of the field of chivalrous and historical romance.

RUBY M. SMITH.

Quotations Applied.

"His very frowns are better far
Than smiles of other fellows are."

H. H. F.

"I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
And she has hair of a golden hue,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee."

E. E. E.

"I love everything that's old, old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old cider."

W. H. L.

"Cheeks like the mountain pink that grows
Among white-headed majesties."

S. R. F.

"The true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us: to develop, to the fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us."

G. A. Students.

The Home of the Sibyl.

The pius prince ascends the sacred hill,
Where Phœbus is adored; and seeks the shade
Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode,
Thence full of fate returns, and of the God.

—Dryden's Virgil.

We had just taken our lunch at a small restaurant beside the Via Heraclea, so-called from the tradition that Herecles drove the oxen of Gerigon over it on his way back from Spain to Greece. It was quite an attractive place, but we had other sights to see. Even the sweet-voiced Italian boy, accompanied by his guitar and his father's violin, did not suffice to hold us after we had satisfied our appetites. We too, like Pius Æneas of old, began to ascend the "Sacred Hill" to visit the Cave of the Sibyl. Our purpose was not exactly the same as his. We did not care to visit the Lower Regions and talk with the shades of our ancestors as he is said to have done; nor to hear from the Prophetess the directions for the government of states as the Roman Emperors used to do. Curiosity led us there. We had enjoyed a most delightful drive out from Naples that morning, visiting many places of interest which my allotted space will not allow me to describe. Now, after a drive of half a mile from the restaurant, we come in sight of Lake Avernus, about two miles in circumference and beauti-

fully situated in the midst of surrounding hills.

On the south side of the lake a steep hill rises leaving a narrow space between its base and the shore. Here at the foot of this small mountain was the entrance, through an old wooden door, to the passage which led to the cave. Before entering let us briefly review the story which has made the place so celebrated.

Virgil tells us in the Æneid that after the destruction of Troy by the Greeks, Æneas and his little son, Iulus, escaped from its ruins and together with a few companions sought a more hospitable shore. They first landed on the northern coast of Africa and were entertained by Queen Dido. But they were not destined to take up their permanent abode there. They sailed away and landed on the coast of Italy near Cumæ. There Æneas, longing to see and talk with the shades of his departed ancestors and of the friends who had perished in the destruction of Troy, determined if possible to visit the Lower Regions where they were. For this purpose he must seek out the Sibyl in her cave, obtain her permission, and from her get directions how to proceed. This he did and, under the guidance of the Sibyl, accomplished his undertaking. In the time of the Roman Empire some of the Emperors were accustomed to resort to the cave to receive instructions from the Sibyl on how to conduct public affairs. So much for the legendary and historical interest centering in the cave. Let us now return to our visit.

The passage way which we entered was eight or ten feet wide and seven or eight high. We were accompanied by the keeper of the cave and three Italians, all with torches. This corridor led us directly into the mountain for about two hundred and fifty paces. Then we stopped, wondering what was to happen next. On the right side of the passage was a small opening, just about large enough to admit one person at a time. One of the Italians stepped along to this and one of the party was directed to follow him. Thus they sandwiched us into that narrow place into which no light could penetrate, and which was only lighted by the torches of those bare-footed and bare-legged Dagos. We had proceeded a short distance and had begun to descend quite rapidly, when all at once my Italian stopped with so much suddenness that I came near running over him. He half pulled me up into pig-back position on his shoulders, for I did not know enough of the native lingo to understand what he told me to do. We plunged forward and soon he was in water that reached above his knees. Ducking my head I escaped being knocked off my perch by a low arched door or entrance, and immediately

found myself in quite a large room filled to a depth of from two to two and a half feet of muddy water. By the light of the torch I could see what proved to be a good standing place on a rock at one side of the room. Hither were brought the rest of the party. From this position we could scan the whole room and receive the description of it as interpreted to us.

The room itself was quite large and cut out of the rock. In one corner, next to the rock on which we were standing, was a stone bath-tub nearly filled with the same muddy water that was all about us. Extending from the foot of this tub was the rock evenly cut and with one end raised in the form of a pillow. Just at the head of this stone couch—for it was a couch—was a narrow opening that led out into the passage by which we had entered. On the other side of the room was a recess which the Sibyl was said to have occupied, and from which she gave her responses to the Emperor reclining on the couch; he in turn passed them out through the opening into the passage whence they were taken with his instructions by messengers to Rome.

After hearing about this room we mounted the backs of our carriers again and were borne into another room. Here our standing place was an inclined way which gradually ascended from the water. Formerly it had been the principal entrance to the cave, opening out on the opposite side of the mountain, and so arranged that a chariot could be driven into the cave. Some earthquake or volcanic action had entirely destroyed this passage. By brushing away the soot formed by the combustion of the torches we could see that the pavement was laid in mosaic and the walls were beautifully decorated with mosaic and painting. We returned the only way we could—the way by which we entered—somewhat resembling coal-heavers, our appearance caused by the burning torches. We emerged from the cave not, as is said of Æneas, "sad and full of discontent," but happy that we were not often obliged to consult the Sibyl, and perfectly contented with but one visit to her subterranean abode.

—J. D. MERRIMAN.

Wanted:—

Someone to pronounce Latin for Latin beginners.

More manicure sets and looking-glasses for the boys.

Someone to start a Lyceum, and after starting one, to help it out.

Felt slippers for one of the boys who generally takes his morning exercise when the Latin class is reciting.

Someone to invent a machine so that you may remain at home and speak your piece instead of saying it in school.

Personals.

Norman Gehring is in Bowdoin College.

Alice Chamberlin is attending school in Portland.

Albert C. Eames, G. A. '94, is now in Bowdoin College.

Fred Merrill, G. A. '96, is attending Bowdoin College.

George Merrow, '96, is teaching school at Bryants Pond.

Archer Grover is attending the Maine State College at Orono.

Miss Cora Walton Hastings is employed in the Chicago University.

Miss Jennie M. Wood is principal of the Grammar school in Pittsfield, N. H.

Favorite saying of the girls:—"Miss Purington, please play us a waltz."

Miss Joan Stearns, '96, lately of Shaw's Business College, is now employed in Herrick & Park's law office.

F. O. Small, a former popular teacher of Gould's Academy, is now principal of Washington Academy, East Machias.

Miss Clyde Bartlett one of G. A's former students, is teaching in Hanover and has every prospect of making a fine teacher.

Since the laughing girl, Lizzie Moulton, graduated in '95, she has been teaching, but is now at the home of her parents in West Newfield.

In Memoriam.

Once more the scholars of Gould Academy have been called upon to part with one who has long been dear to them. Cornelia French, a graduate of '96, a much loved friend and associate, an ever faithful student, God has called home to live where sorrow cannot enter. While we mourn our loss, yet we can but feel glad for her that she is far above the sin and sorrow of this world, completing her higher education with others who were faithful in their preliminary course here. We extend our sympathy to the home this loving daughter and sister has left. May God comfort them and teach them to feel that she is not lost but only gone before and waits for them to join her in that happy land where parting is unknown.

A Pleasant Occasion.

The home of Miss Alice Purington was the scene of a very pleasant occasion Tuesday evening, January 12, where the teachers and pupils of Gould's Academy were assembled.

Miss Purington has a well earned reputation of being an admirable hostess, consequently at a comparatively early hour, the spacious rooms were well filled—the light and warmth being in pleasing contrast to the bitter cold outside.

The hours were pleasantly passed in games, recitations, etc., and fun

and merriment reigned supreme.

All too soon the "old clock on the stair" warned us of the lateness of the hour, and regretfully we prepared to take leave of our kind hostess —but not until we had gathered around the piano and sung several college songs with a zest which spoke well for the lungs of some of the party, at least. We then dispersed to our several homes, well pleased with our evening's enjoyment.

A. C. P.

The Philomel Society.

THE PROBLEM how to make our recesses pleasanter has been solved at last. The young ladies of the school have formed a musical society to be known as the "Philomel Society," under the direction of Miss Purington, who is to select such music as she thinks appropriate. The officers chosen were:

Pres. and Director, MISS PURINGTON.

V. Pres., FLORENCE CARTER.

Sec. and Treas., WINIFRED HALL.

Ex. Com., ETHEL EAMES, ALICE PERKINS, CORA FARWELL, ETHEL RICHARDSON.

The regular rehearsals are to be on Friday afternoon. We hope to derive much benefit and pleasure from the society, not only for ourselves but for others who are interested in this form of school-work.

The Prize Examination.

NED BOISE and Jack Ridlon had always been the best of friends. Ever since their earliest recollections they had worked and played together. Why should they not be friends? Were not their fathers class-mates in college? And did not Judge Boise on his dying bed say to his old college mate: "O, my friend, you must be a father to my Ned?"

And now the boys were in the Academy, looking forward to the time when they should enter college together.

It was near the end of the winter term and there was to be a prize examination. Mr. Gray, an aged resident of the town, had offered a prize —ten dollars—to the boy who should pass the best examination in Algebra.

Strangely enough, Mr. Gray had insisted that the examination should be taken under the "honor system," which was then being introduced into many of our colleges.

Accordingly, on the appointed day, the boys—seven in number—were distributed in the various alcoves of the library, given the printed questions, and left to themselves.

Of course, much speculation had been indulged in among the boys, as to who would win the coveted prize; but it was pretty generally conceded that it lay between Ned and Jack. But which? Jack was naturally the brighter, but Ned was a "worker," and, after all, it is work that tells in

the end.

Somehow Jack Ridlon didn't feel like himself that morning. His baser self seemed to be getting the better of him. "Shall I allow Ned to carry off that prize? And what will the fellows say? Surely I deserve it more than he. To be sure, he has studied harder, but now it is a question of ability, not study."

Thus he reasoned with himself while he wrestled with the tenth and last problem. At that unlucky moment his eyes caught sight of a book on the shelf before him. It was Wentworth's algebra. That book could settle the whole difficulty of that ugly problem. None of the other boys could see. Ah! against the protests of conscience, he took the book, turned over the well known pages, and found the solution. It was but the work of a moment; but, as he stealthily put back the volume into its place, something seemed to say to him, "Thou, God, seest me!" Again and again did those unwelcome words come back to his mind, although he tried to silence them by saying: "I am brighter than Ned; I deserve the prize."

That afternoon, after the contest was over, and the judges were deciding on the merits of the papers, the boys were gathered about in groups talking matters over.

"Well, Jack," said Ned, "how did you make it?"

"Got them all," said Jack, trying to speak without faltering.

"Ah," rejoined Ned, "I knew you would. You know those quadratics always were the plague of my life, while they gave you no trouble whatever."

Poor Jack! Why did he turn nervously away and walk absently to the farther end of the hall? Why should those four words, "Thou, God, seest me," ring through his guilty mind? Yet, he said stoutly to himself: "I am brighter than Ned; I deserve the prize."

When the prize was finally announced to the impatient boys, cheer after cheer went up for Jack Ridlon, until the old hall fairly shook.

"Just as I expected," said one of the boys to another, "I tell you Jack is a wonder, and, the mischief of it is, he doesn't study half so hard as the rest of us, either."

But in spite of shouts, congratulations and hand-shakes, Jack was not happy. He could hear clearly above it all: "Thou, God, seest me." For days he went about wearing a sober face. Even Ned noticed that some thing was wrong.

One day they chanced to meet at the Academy gate. Jack could hold out no longer against his better nature. All that was noble and manly within him rose up in rebellion against that cowardly deed.

"O, Ned," sobbed he, "I have been mean and contemptible; I was dishonest in that examination; you ought to have the prize; and oh,

I have been so wretched!" and the strong, manly fellow cried like a girl.

Ned was well-nigh overcome by mingled feelings of surprise, and pity for Jack. What was to be done? Jack was determined to confess the whole thing to teachers and fellow-students—in spite of protests on the part of Ned, that it was enough "if you and I understand it."

It was indeed a humiliating task, but it was bravely done, and Ned and Jack were only the firmer friends for it.

Sea-Breezes.

O, I long to be where the salt sea-breeze
Comes sweeping in from the bay,
Where the billows break with a boom on the sand,
And the air is damp with the spray.
Where the purple bloom of the beach-pea twines
In its careless grace 'mid the grass,
And the wild rose fills with a sweet perfume
All the sea-air, as you pass.

Where the fringed gentian grows in the fall
In its peerless heavenly blue,
And the rosemary, token of loving thought,
Stands drest in its lavender hue;
Where the bright sea-mosses and rare sea-shells
Are left by the coming tide,
And the great waves hasten and thunder on,
As they rush past, side by side.

Where the moon in her splendor makes plain on the sea,
By means of her silvery beams,
The path which the spirits of mortals must take
To the land of heavenly dreams;
While the fisher-boy sits on the sand at your side
And tales of the sea doth tell,
While his words are belied by the zephyrs soft
And the calm sea's gentle swell.

O, I long to be where the salt sea-breeze
Comes freshening in from the bay,
Where the winds make moan, and the billows' boom
Sounds ceaseless, night and day!
Where the rocky shore stems the rushing tide,
And the breath of the sea blows free,
And the great waves break at my feet in spray;
Ah! there is the place for me!

CORNELIA B. FRENCH.

We scatter paper with careless hand
And dream we ne'er shall see it more,
But o'er our head the teacher stands
And we pick it out from the cracks of the floor.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.

ADDISON E. HERRICK. ELLERY C. PARK.

HERRICK & PARK,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

TELEPHONE 5-2 **BETHEL, MAINE.**

R. A. FRYE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

BETHEL, MAINE.

C. L. DAVIS,

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Lettuce Cream for the complexion,

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That commends itself to all,
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Harness goods that lack it, fall.

To insure this, stock and trimmings,
We select with greatest care,
So our goods of these constructed
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STYLE is also quite important
In facilitating trade,
Hence we give the best attention
To the way our goods are made.

FINISH likewise is a factor
When you have a thing to sell,
Knowing this, we do assure you,
All we make is finished well.

DURABILITY, STYLE AND FINISH
Are the features we combine,
Hence our goods are rated foremost
In the retail harness line.

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